A Great Free Show Weekly for

New York Fespie.

Imperial Rome gave its populace bread and circuses; New York town, more than imperial, as yet provides only the circuses. Hamilton Grange, once the home of Betsy Bowen Jumel. There is a riag in the yard But it is a question if Rome ever spent as

Park. It is something like two miles from

the Park to the head of the Speedway at

155th street. Thus there is a parade course

head of the Speedway are chosen somewhat

lyn and Jersey folk wander in sometimes.

although they have fine driveways of their

Howsoever gathered, the show of horses

and horsemen is well worth seeing. A

of it—a flag streaming straight cut upon a the tricksy west wind.

Behind the wooded background is the much upon its amphitheatre as New York has put into the Speedway and its approaches.

Manhattan's face is full of choice topographical surprises. Not one of them can compare fully with the Speedway site. The course easily is among the most picturesque in the world.

The driveway really begins somewhat before the beginning—in St. Nicholas ave
of it—a flag streaming straight cut upon a tricksy west wind.

Behind the wooded background is the site of historic Fort George, now given over to beer drinking and the speech of the Vaterland. But one need not think of that—there is enough right at hand to fill eyes and mind and perception.

The road drops in a long incline, macadam for ten blocks, after that a broad reddish yellow earthen ribbon. The gidewalks edge it like lengths of silver lace.

There is a line of green grass between the pair race away to the back stretch, and again set sail.

This time the mare lies at Cobweb's wheel—in the first brush she fought for each foot of the way. She is a bay, big and shiny, in the very pink of condition, a credit alike to ber trainer and her sire, the world-famous Electioneer.

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She goes high, so high it almost seems she scorns the earth, but her reaching plunges devour space. A casual onlooker would say the horse went ten yards to her nine, and covered ground with much more

THE SPEEDWAY.

one must go early to get full view of it. By 11 o'clock the walkways are so full they are no more than blurs and blotches

neckgear.
The surprising thing about the whole

gentle ripples of interest at the daring of venturous small boys, or at the sight of cunning small girls tugging at the reins

mind, for upon any Sunday which promises morning. Pshaw: I was sure he'd drive master hesitates to risk his flyers upon slippery or sloppy going, or in stiff, holding

out in the road.

Momently some star of the Speedway flashes down the line. Murmurs go all Sunday, every matinée, with sound footing, sees them duplicated a hundred times sees them duplicated a hundred times sees them duplicated a hundred times

nue, on the uppermost verge of Central the yellow ribbon and the silver lace, but

about four miles long.

Sull-St. Nicholas avenue is not the sole, or even the favorite, route of Speedway drivers. Upper Seventh avenue and the viaduct spanning the Harlem Valley at the head of the Speedway are chosen somewhat head of the Speedway are chosen some few in some few

Another for those who like long drives is the new Boulevard Lafayette, which has been cut in the edge of the Hudson River hillside and makes into the course proper through Dykman street, which is its upper boundary.

Then, too, there are the suburban roads and their contingent folk from White Plains, Mount Vernon, Yonkers. All roads, indeed, lead to the Speedway—even Brook-

and horsemen is well worth seeing. A about.

great many people evidently are of that Nathan Straus has Cobwebs out this

The man in front has a strong face, bearded, shrewd-sped, kindly. The lips are set, the eyes tense, the whole pose full of power. The whip is held upright, the reins tightly clutched; now and again he speaks a low word, too low to be heard by the sidewalk throng, though evidently reaching the ears of his horse.

Cobwebs may know intuitively what his master asks. He goes, goes, with the mighty stroke of a machine. His stride is low, his ears are flat against his beautiful chestinut head, his eyeballs flare, but not with temper—he has the stay and the spirit which, joined with speed, make the horse which does or dies.

On, on, he thunders, his head nodding the least bit in fine, faultless rhythm, his quickening hoof beats sounding a march of triumph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

umph as his white nose goes past the post half a length to the good.

The battle is not won. Dave Lamar wheels as soon as he can pull up, asks a question mainly with his eyes, is answered with a nod, then, almost wing and wing, the pair race away to the back street. pair race away to the back stretch

ease to himself. But do what he

ease to himself. But do what he will, stretch, strain, quicken, he cannot shake her off. She hangs like a builded till fifty yards from the wire; then the man in the white hat, who has been sitting statue-like, leans far forward, swishes his whip mightily, calls in shrill, whistling tones, lets out the least bit of a wrap, and the race is over—Cobwebs has lost, though by a narrow margin.

margin.
A third heat is, of course, inevitable,

People forget to gossip, and stand still, save when they crowd for better seeing

Places.
This time the flyers come in view peck

and neck, each doing a desperate best from start to finish. How the big gallant chestnut strains! His motion is so swift no eye can follow it; the sulky wheels show

only as motionless, shining rims magically impelled along the course.

And gamely the bay mare keeps at his

throat latch, lurching so high she seems to be fencing all the way. Neck and neck, stride and stride, they keep it up until the very last; but the bay will not be denied;



been there Saturday. I walked the treatle and wont home.

'Next day I went straight to Goshbink. My faithful allies hadn't seen him. I telephoned, you ut derstard, to his office regularly. One old foreman told me Jones had been there that morning, but I didn't really believe him. However, I walked the three miles of excavation and the treatle, and after having dimer in the back of a saloon with a number of the great unwashed, left for Jones's house again.

"I know of one great tenor of the present dissipate and keep in the swim.

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"I know of one great tenor of the present day who rises at 6 and takes some exercise, followed by a rubdown, after which he cats a light breakfast and rests a little while-appeal to me. I chased around to his club.

Then he puts in three or four hours of prac.

work in a downtown law office. "Talk about troubles, did you ever serve a summons? No? Neither had I. But one morning the managing clerk said to me:

"Ever serve a summons?" "'No,' said 1.

"'It's easy,' said he. 'Here take this, and give to the Mr. Jones mentioned. You must be able to swear you gave it to the right man, though."
"All right," I answered. So I put the

ammons in my pocket and started. The Mr. Jones in question has an office on the East Side about an hour's ride from the law office. His house is nearby, and he is contractor for some work in a suburb, we'll call Goshbink, about fifteen miles from anywhere. I didn't know that then.

"That day I thought I'd find him immediately. I went to his office, where I was told that he was out. They didn't know when he'd be in, so I went to his house. 'Out.' I was told by one of these colored persons who give you apprehensions lest they revert to their original state of savageness at any time. So I went back downtown.

"About 1 o'clock I went again. At his office, 'Out.' At his home, 'Out.' Nobody new where he was. I'd been told not to let him know what I wanted so I refused to tell, and his clerks grew suspicious of me. I went downtown, and after dinner tried again. Mr. Jones was out and hadn't been home to dinner. I waited until 9 'clock on his doorstep and then left.

"Next morning I was at Jones's house at haif past 7. He was out: nobody knew where. At his office they hadn't seen him. By this time everybody grinned when they saw me, even the chony-haired savage. I sat down in his office and waited for two hours. Finally a clerk said: 'Here's

Mr. Jones on the 'phone, now.'
"I grabbed a receiver and a voice said: Hello, who are you?'

" 'My name's -"'H'm, what do you want?"

'See you about business personally.' *Then Mr. Jones became very curious about my business. Finally in desperation

I said, 'I'll come now if you'll tell me where you are. Wait for me.' " 'All right. I'm in Goshbink looking

after some contracting,' he answered. "I jumped on a car and rode to the end of the road. Then I took a trolley and rode some more, walked two miles and found myself at part of Jones' excavation, which was three miles in length. To get to part of it I had to cross a railroad trestle ten feet high, over water, with the ties about

"I went to two offices in shanties, climbed

HORSE CRANKS.



SUNDAY MORNING PARADE.

but they hadn't seen him for days.
"Next morning I reached the Jones house
at 7:0. He was out, so I walked up and
down the block. An hour or so later I
saw one of Jones's cierks across the street.
I went over and asked automatically for
Mr. Long. 'Say, what do you want him for? he

"'Say, what do you want him for?', he asked.
"Then I told him. I was tired of the hide-and-seek game by that time. He said he'd tell Mr. Jones and telephone me an appointment. This wasn't very satisfactory, but it was the best I could do, and I went to the office, where my expectation of an appointment was ridiculed.
"I went to his office about 11 the next day and waited. At 1 o'clock the telephone rang, and his clerk informed me that he'd met Mr. Jones and they would meet me on a certain street corner. I started on a run, not very sanguine.
"As I approached the corner I saw two men, one the clerk, another a man who answered to one of my seven descriptions. A grin of triumph came over my face when I saw him. He grinned back appreciatively.

tice, not singing all the time, of course.

"Then he lunches and goes out for a long, brisk walk, a ride on a wheel or on horse-back, and eats his last meal before the opera at about 4 o'clock. He does a little scale work and gets to the opera house at 7 o'clock. 7 o'clock.

"He doesn't spend hours in eating or drinking after the opera is over, either, but usually makes for his home; and that is the sort of a life he leads all the season.

"To be a great singer these days one has to undergo many sacrifices and keep in trim; the audiences are experienced and critical beyond what they were."

TO LINK WATERWAYS. Project of Joining Three Great Rivers in

In his recent address before the British Association at Belfast, Col. Sir T. H. Holdich said there promised to be in South A grin of triumph came over my face when I saw him. He grinned back appreciatively. "It was Mr. Jones. I served him, and we had a little chat for a second of two We parted genially, and he seemed like a good fellow. "Now I'm trying to figure it all out. Why didn't he let me find him? Why did he seed ine on that chase to Goshbink, and was he really cut of town?

America the greatest development of artificial geography the world has ever seen. After speaking of the effect which the Panama Canal will have on the whole system of Western sea connections, he said that the possibilities of linking by a central canal system the three great river basins of the Orinoco, the Amazon America the greatest development of

aroused that there is no doubt now that its practicability will be thoroughly studied; and this means a more careful exploration

HORSESHOEING NOT SO SIMPLE.

shoers Demand State Schools. The National Association of Master Horseshoers of America held its annual convention in Philadelphia last week. and took stock of trade progress and trade needs. In these days, when most trades are no longer simple matters, horseshoeing is no exception.

Horseshoeing has become a science. The horseshoer learns how to fit shoes o cure lameness, how to shoe to cure hollow cheete in run down gallant steeds, and how to change the gait of a horse by the simple method of fitting his shoes to the gait desired.

anatomy, and the more he knows the better. In fact, he must have a special education for his branch of industry if he would do well.

One of the officers of the national association complains that the average apprentice is not learned in the principles f horse anatomy and fears that until he is. the trade will lag in the rear of others. Another boldly advocates State schools in horseshoeing to teach the rudiments of the art. They are all enthusiasts, and hey have discovered so many new things in horseshoeing in the last year that 150 large pages of the trade organ are needed

A horseshoer from the West has found out how to shoe a horse so that his habits of hitting his ankles, his shins, or his knees can be cured. He explained his method

cases sunken chests in horses are due to tender feet and bad shoeing and has invented a shoe, with heels, to fit the case.
Still another, for the convention's benefit, went scientifically into the great gaiting question from a sixty-four-year-long study of it, and told how to fit shoes so as to get top speed out of the animals under

Horsestoeing, according to this veteran, is still in its infancy, though it is a trade centuries old. Upon the mastery of anat-

Alaska.

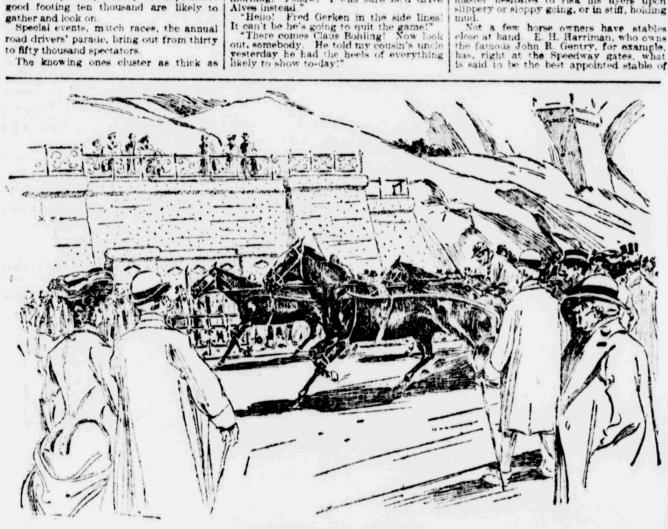
He who had been to Alaska brought back a discouraging report. There are few horses there and little work even at high prices for the horseshoer. The big-

that was nothing much, and he came he The folks who made money out there reported, were those who sold thing to eat and he told this instance of the

enterprise.

"A married couple came to town bringing with them a pair of half-starred chickens, were bought tens. These chickens were bought restauranter who lives an enterprising restauranter who I

come a navigable highway carrying ves-eels from one river basin to the other. The Madeira River is one of the largest



bees about the half-mile post, which is the finish mark in the brushes. If there is betting, it is strictly private, although, no doubt, good money often changes hands on

the result of the events. Indeed, tips are given and received quite as eagerly and As solemnly as on the full-fledged courses. The mounted police keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two lines going down next to the river, coming up

The mounted police keep all but the racing division moving steadily in two lines going down next to the river, coming up next the tooks. Thus the middle stretch is clear. The roadway is wide enough for five or six teams abreast.

Speeding begins whenever there is a tairly dry course at the Dykman street end, the speeders driving south. This makes the first half-mile post the finish. Of course, there are inile brushes, but most gentlemen drivers prefer half miles, or even quarter miles.

Certainly the Speedway at its best helps to put one in love with life and things. For instance, on a fine autumn Sunday morning, when blotches or red and yellow have sown themselves lightly through the overhanging foliage of Washington Heights. High Bridge and Washington Bridge, springing alertly from the bold ramp of the heights, span the green, clear breadth of the valley and etch themselves on the wind-blown bue of the large of rapid air. But nobody thinks of that; all hang breathless on the race.

Coming in from the viaduct, far and

"Albert Bostwick's trainer has got knee | harness horses anywhere in the world. A boots on Johnnie Again. Yes, Bostwick is automobile crazy. Still he has not quite | Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon given up horses.

A lean, brownish bay, with fair head, good legs and light middle piece flashes past.

One speciator grins at the sight, saying

WATCHING THE TROTTERS.

sagely:
David B. looks as though he'd run jest
about to match his namesake this mornin.

pact of rapid air. But notice, that; all hang breathless on the race.

dozen others might be named.
Indeed, no man can hope for fame upon
the Speedway without a considerable
string which includes both blood and speed.

the Speedway without a considerable string which includes both blood and speed. A few of them keep only trotters; the most part have at least one pacer, and in not a few instances the pacers are the true stars. Brushes between trotters and pacers are not rare; neither are matches between double teams to road wagons with two persons instead of the ordinary trottinging. J. R. Cockerill, now president of the Read Drivers' Association, has a fancy for driving double, often hooking up such fancy performers as Swift and Phoebe Chidress or Honor Bright. E. E. Smathors has a big string, whose bright particular star is Queen Wilkes, at her best the admitted queen of the Speedway. Possibly the most interesting Speedway personality is Frank Work, the sole survivor of the old-time road brigade that included Robert Bonner. W. H. Vanderbilt and their composers. Although living as far down as Madison Square, Mr. Work keeps five fivers—Peter Stirling, Mahalla, Pilot Boy, Merle Moore and Sea (firl.

He permits no clipping, nor pulling of foretops, and drives without boots or overdraw checkreins. The fact that he holds his own with all comers is full of encouragement for those who believe in giving hoyes a chance unhampered by track devices.

around rocks, walked the trestle, which was quarter of a mile long, and learned on the evidence of five foremen, three boys, one engineer and his superintendent that Jones hadn't been at Goshbink all day. Then I began to smell a rat. I walked the three miles of excavation carefully, though, and then went back to his house.

"Mr. Jones is in Goshbink," I was told "By that time I was guessing, so I retired to a neighboring drug store and bribed a small boy there to go around and see whether Jones was at home. No, he'd gone out of town, they told him.

"I got a sandwich and came along by his

"I got a sandwich and came along by his house eating it. Just then a man came down the steps, so I braced up and said: "Do you know a Mr. Jones."

"Why, yes. I'm your man, he replied.

"Mr. Clark Jones?" I asked, elated at

my approaching triumph.

"Oh, no, he's my brother. You'll finhim in at about 8 o'clock,' he said.

"Cursing Jones and everything connected with him, back to the drug store I went At 8 I salised forth.

And the funny part of it all is that never once in my hunt did I lay eyes on the real tion, and the mere project would certainly

ALITTLE LUNCH.

APPETITE OF A FAMOUS TENOR. Campanini's Daily Round of Eating Not Equalled by Singers Nowadays.

I think Campanini was the greatest tenor we have ever heard in this country." said E. G. Gilmore the other day. "But he ate himself to death.

"We were great friends when he used to sing all New York on to its feet here at the Academy. He used to live nearby here and he used to get up at 9 o'clock in the morning and breakfast.

Then he would lie around a while and maybe practice a little before he came down here. Regularly at about 11 o'clock, he would go across Fourteenth street to a restaurant and get outside of half a dozen thick sandwiches and three or four glasses of beer.

"At I o'clock he'd have lunch and then he'd go until about four or five o'clock bef re eating anything more, when he'd fill up again. At 7 o'clock he'd have a hearty dinner and after the opera at night he'd spend several hours eating and drinking.

"He got fat. Most of those singers get fat and most of the famous men singers of his day ate like horses. There was one of them, a baritone who used to eat four

BETTING ON THE TROTTERS tion, and the mere project would certainly lead to an exhaustive examination of much

> Col. Holdich referred to the conference that is to be held at Rio de Janeiro next year to consider the question of connecting these three great river systems so as to make a continuous navigable waterway from the mouth of the Orinoco River

untravelled country.

way from the mouth of the Orinoco River across the Amazon basin and down the Paraguay to the mouth of La Plata. Explorers have long believed that the creation of this unbroken waterway north and south through the greater part of South America is perfective feasible. It is worth remembering that between the mouth of the Orinoco and the City of Buenos Ayres there is only a half mile without a continuous river channel. This half mile is the water parting between the Amazon and La Plata systems.

Far up the Orinoco is the long river

the Amazon and La Plata systems.

Far up the Orinoco is the long river Casiquiari which was originally a tributary of the Rio Negro affluent of the Amazon, but which, in the course of time, dug the channel of its head waters back until it actually reached the Orinoco, and now forms a perfect con ect on between the Orinoco and the Amazon through the Rio Negro.

Negro.

One of the questions before the conference at Rio de Janeiro will be whether it will be feasible to deepen this great water communication so that it may be-

long ago if it had not been very doubtful until recently that the amount of traffic would justify the expense. With the considerable increase of civilized population in this part of Brazil, the question of easy access to the sea is assuming an importance which it never had before.

The engineering problems will relate mainly to the Casiquiari and the Madeira rivers. In the latter stream it will be necessary to circumvent quite a number of cataracts.

So much interest in the project has been aroused that there is no doubt now that its

of the regions along the proposed great waterway than has ever yet been made. All the world will be interested in the result of the conference at Rio de Janeiro.

Education in It Needed and the Horses

He must know something of horse

to tell them.

for the benefit of his fellow craftsmen. · Another has discovered that in most

centuries old. Upon the mastery of anatomy and physiology depends the competency of the profession, he says, and nothing would more conduce to this and than the establishment of a college which should be made a Government institution for the benefit of the horse.

The methods of shoeing horses now are vastly different from those of years ago. Time has wrought changes.

The artificial highways over which the animal does his work have a tendency to demoralize the strongest hoof, and it requires skill and science to keep the feet

to demoralize the strongest hoof, and it requires skill and science to keep the feet in the healthy condition with which nature originally endowed him. Structural changes in the hoof are the cause of much lameness among horses after being used for a length of time over the unyielding pavements of the city, and it is impossible to follow the same rule of shoeing in an given number of cases, so there is the more need, according to the experts in the trade, for a school or schools where the art can be studied and the speed and condition of the horse improved thereby.

of the horse improved thereby Of course improved thereby.

Of course American horseshoers are ahead in the trade. They have taken improved methods and appliances to all parts of the world and have seen them snapped up by Greight leakernithe.

up by foreign blacksmiths. The convention learned of the adventures of one of its members among the haffirs in South Africa and of another in far a ver

geet day's work he had was putting on twenty shoes. It paid him \$60, but with Alaskan prices

ner To-morrow' on it "About 200 people sat down to that chicken dinner, and there was plenty of chicken for everybody. The restaurant man had a lot of it packed away in cans. He m soup out of it and got \$3 a plate for chicken soup and a little of the can

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